

CHARIVARIA.

THE latest rumour about Buckingham Palace is to the effect that an American millionaire has offered to bear the entire expense of rebuilding subject to his being allowed to have a suite of apartments there.

At last the Government would appear to be converted to the view that if you wish for peace you must prepare for war. Orders have been given to the Irish Constabulary to restore to their owners all the weapons hitherto kept in safe custody under the provisions of the Peace Preservation Act.

Mrs. LLOYD GEORGE, speaking at the Congress Hall, Clapton, on the subject of Public Health, expressed the opinion that there was a great deal too much tea drunk. Nothing, however, was said about cocoa.

Twenty thousand children, we read, at Alexandra Palace "unanimously and solemnly protested against any alteration in the King's declaration." But what we want to know is this. How long are we to wait before the chicks also give us the assistance of their decision on the vexed question of Bimetallism?

We cannot help thinking that it is unfortunate that Lord ROSEBURY will be prevented until September from proceeding to Vienna to announce to the Emperor of AUSTRIA the accession of King GEORGE. Has the Government realised the danger of the news leaking out before then? Every day's delay adds to the risk.

In the voting on the Woman's Suffrage Bill *The Evening Standard* tells us, "Forty-eight Members paired—twenty-four against the Bill, and twenty-four in favour." Audited, and found correct.

The promoters of the Scotch aviation meeting to be held at Lanark in August, have, *The Pall Mall Gazette* informs us, framed strict rules against "air scorching." Personally we are of the opinion that any good work done by the Sun ought rather to be encouraged.

It is, we suppose, gratifying to our national pride to reflect that, though M. MORANE, who made such a fine

senger fares. There is a strong feeling that the kids should only pay half fare.

The Law Journal proposes that the Judges, instead of sitting on Saturdays, should begin business half an hour earlier each day. Another suggestion, which, if adopted, would have the effect of saving even more time, is that the Saturday sittings should be devoted entirely to the Judges' jokes, these being made illegal on any other day.

There would seem to be no limit to the sporting energy of the Publisher's Circle. After organising a Cricket Match at Lord's and a Lawn Tennis Tournament at Queen's, there is now some talk of changing the title of the association to the Publishers' Ring and arranging a great Prize Fight, after the most recent precedent, between two of its members—Mr. BLACK, the publisher, and Mr. WHITE, the publisher.

Lord KITCHENER, it transpires, is no longer a member of the Imperial Defence Committee. His presence there, we take it, would have given that body a somewhat military appearance, and in these days one cannot be too careful of our enemies' susceptibilities.

In an account of a burglary at Hampstead *The Evening News* tells us how Constable KENDAL, his suspicions being aroused, waited until he was joined by Constable HOLT, and "between them they surrounded the house." This gives one a very good idea of what fine spreading men our Metropolitan Police are.

The Select Committee which has been considering the matter has reported in favour of improving the dinner arrangements at the House of Lords. This seems only humane. A condemned criminal is always given a good meal before the end.



"STRIKE ME, NED, IF WE AIN'T IN THE FASHION AT LAST!"

ascend in his aeroplane at Bournemouth, is a Frenchman, yet the air he did it with was English.

From Italy comes the news that the Leaning Tower of Pisa is getting tired, and may sit down at any moment.

The Servian Steamboat Direction, according to *The Express*, have solved a long-standing question by deciding that the calves and kids which follow their owners on board and play about the deck shall in future pay full pas-

THE PERILS OF THE POSTER.

I WROTE a few weeks ago of my friend Trencham, and how he made a study of the coloured posters of Beauty Spots in the hope of getting some guidance as to the best place in which to spend his summer holidays. The quest, futile in itself, has had a strange development; for, having tasted blood, he has now acquired a habit, amounting almost to a mania, of studying posters in general, and drawing the most unwarrantable inferences as to the wares which they are designed to commend.

He has been peculiarly obsessed by the advertisements of a firm which announces its Whisky through the medium of two symbolic terriers. These terriers usually have their attention riveted upon a rat, either in a cage or on a river bank. Trencham has no quarrel with the dogs' taste, which no doubt obeys a law of nature, but personally he detests rodents, whether on land or water; and he cannot see why any beverage, short of rat-bane, should require one of these little brutes to advertise its merits.

He assures me that he has nothing against this particular Whisky; but in future he is going to take to Lime-juice, because the girl in the poster where the limes grow thick as gooseberries is rather presentable at a distance, and there are no rats in the picture. There were the same arguments in support of a certain Irish Ginger Ale, for the yachting lady (whom he presumed to be addicted to it, though there was no Ginger Ale actually in sight) had her good points, and again there were no rats in the picture; but, on consideration, he felt sure that the bull-dog was out of place on a sailing-yacht, and this decided him in favour of Lime-juice.

Having made up his mind on this point—perhaps a little too hastily—he could review without emotion the picture of yet another dog (Trencham's studies have given him a veritable surfeit of dog) which has knocked over a pewter-pot of Stout, and in the act of recoiling makes the remark—"What would Master say?" Trencham now knows what he would say if he were the master of this vocal hound. He would ring the bell and say, "Clean up this mess, and bring me some Lime-juice."

My friend suffers at times from dyspepsia and constantly from a growing tendency to obesity. Had he the choice (which he has not) of these two ills, he would prefer the former. That is why he instantly rejected the advances of a poster which portrayed the pale victim of a wasting indigestion, who, after testing the virtues of a certain Syrup, became "always merry and bright." Nothing is so hateful to Trencham as the man who is "always merry and bright." But there was worse. In his after-state, in addition to this terrible mirth (of which indeed it may have been the cause), the Object had acquired so ridiculous a rotundity that Trencham at once resolved not to give the Syrup a trial.

Then again there was a poster of a Beef-extract, in which one of the noble creatures from whom the fluid is drawn was represented as labouring under a presage of approaching doom. This spectacle, to one of Trencham's imaginative temperament, had in it an intolerable pathos. And yet I have known him to eat a beefsteak without flinching. But in that case the victim was not allowed to have a premonition of his end; whereas they somehow seem to get to know their fate beforehand in the case of Beef-extracts. Trencham supposes that thoughtless people leave the bottles lying about.

His logical mind was ruffled by a picture of two cooks—the one erect and holding a pot of Custard, the other prostrate among the ruins of his eggs. The second chef is the object of ribald laughter on the part of his more stable colleague. Trencham regarded this ridicule as being in the

worst possible taste; but he was also strongly of the opinion that the artist has begged the whole question. Custard, he contends, is every bit as brittle as eggs, and why should not the cook with the Custard have fallen and spilled it, and the cook with the eggs have remained upon his feet? In any case, Trencham's chivalrous nature inclined to sympathy with the weaker vessel, and he proposes to continue his diet of cooking-eggs.

On another poster my friend observed a lion sampling a bottle of Somebody's Brandy. Outside the Zoo, Trencham's experience of the habits of big game is but slight, but he is quite firm in his intention never to carry with him any brand of spirits that is likely to excite the curiosity of wild animals.

So much for goods intended for internal consumption. Of a certain famous Polish, to be applied externally, Trencham harbours the gravest suspicion. If the monstrous calves, encased in pink stockings, of the flunkey who advocates the claims of this Polish are any indication of its physical effect, Trencham means to have none of it. The tendency to obesity, on which I have already touched, has not yet invaded his lower limbs, and he wishes still to retain a grip upon his trusty cob.

Trencham tells me that, when weighing the attractions of any article, he is easily influenced by the character of the people who employ it. Thus he would like to treat his rheumatism with salts, but he shrinks from being classed with the person behind the towel in the Anti-rheumatic poster. His appearance is so abhorrent to Trencham that he would choose to suffer the worst agony rather than be associated with such a type in the adoption of any remedy however infallible.

It is the same with the swarthy gentleman who keeps on losing and recovering his Fountain Pen. Trencham cannot make up his mind whether he finds the fellow's expression more detestable in the hour of despondency or at the moment of ecstatic relief.

On the other hand, he was attracted by the face of a lady who is shown reading a weekly edition of a great London daily newspaper. On closer inspection, however, he found that she was not actually perusing it, but allowing her eyes to wander over the top of its pages and out of the picture. He therefore got little assistance from her as to the character of the readers of this periodical. A clearer line was obtained from a really earnest student of the same paper—a bald and bellicose warrior in scarlet, his shoulders covered with chain-mail surmounted by two biscuits indicative of his rank. He is seen smoking furiously a cigar with its red band still *in situ*, and Trencham concluded that, though an officer, he was no gentleman. My friend has therefore resolved to stick to his *Spectator*. He says he is convinced that no officer in uniform would ever read *The Spectator* with a band on his cigar. O. S.

"The turf is excellent, and being composed of sand the rain does not lie."—*Tatter*.

It may not actually tell a falsehood, but if it calls itself rain and is really composed of sand, we feel that it is not dealing quite frankly with us.

"Following the collapse of the Campanile of St. Mark's, Venice . . . the basilisk and other portions of the famous building are now seriously threatened with destruction."—*Daily Mirror*.

We do trust that nothing will happen to the Unicorn and the Cockatrice.

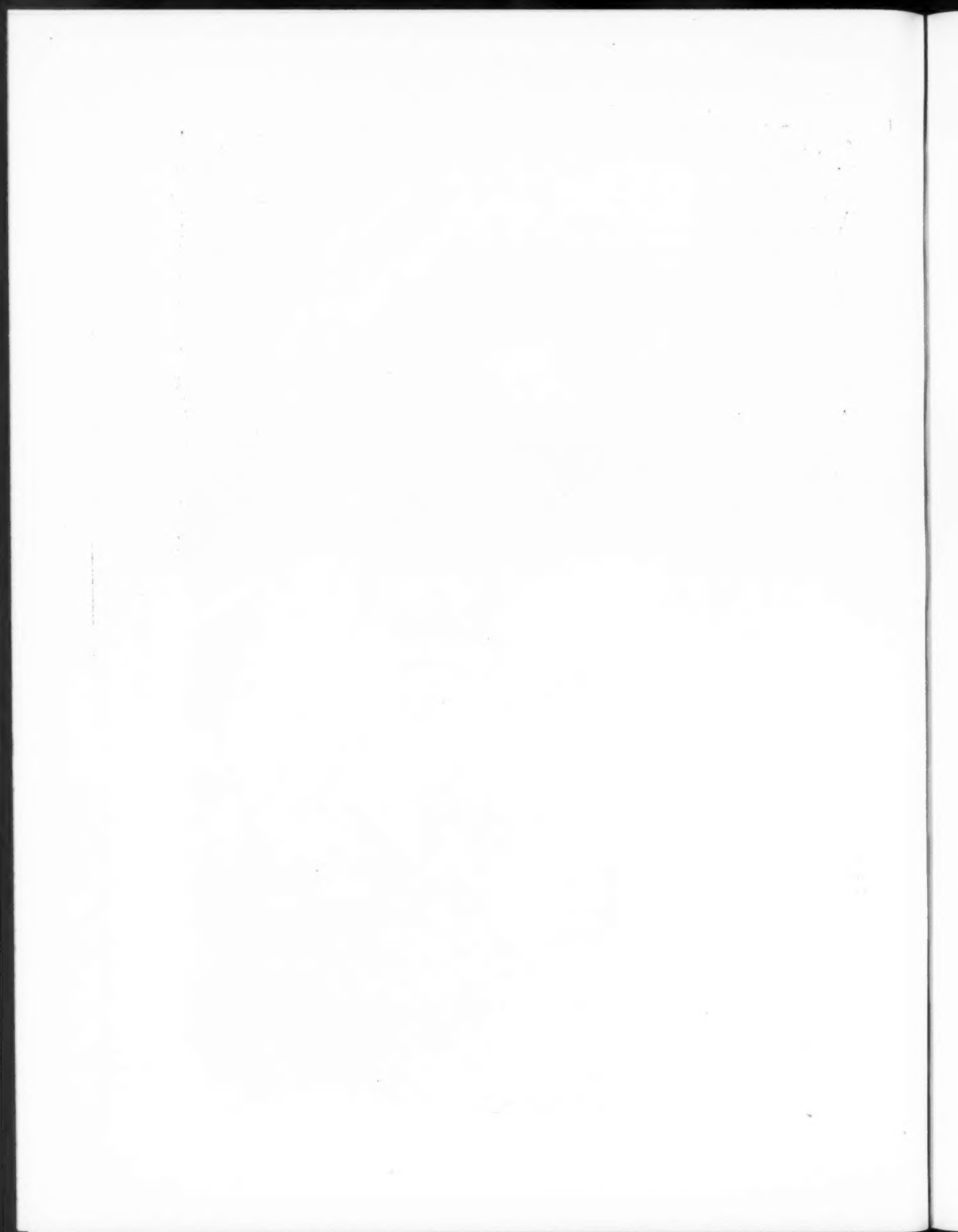
"The famous Leaning Tower of Pisa, which for many centuries has called forth the wonder and interest of all who see it, is now attracting the attention of the authorities."—*Daily Mail*.

We felt sure they'd notice it sooner or later.



RE-UNITED.

PRIME MINISTER (*Shelving Woman's Suffrage Bill*). "WELL, GENTLEMEN, NOW THAT YOUR INDIVIDUAL CONSCIENCES HAVE HAD THEIR FLING, LET'S GET TO WORK AGAIN."





Enthusiastic Lady (carried away by the old-world beauty of "As You Like It.") "DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH LOVELY COSTUMES? AH, YOU CAN'T GET MATERIAL LIKE THAT NOWADAYS!"

"HUMBLY SHEWING."

IN the dear old days, when a good and kind and beautiful lady said to me, "Oh, there you are! Are you busy? I just want you to do something for me," I used to reply gladly, "Why, of course I will!" And then I would dash off to fetch her a sprig of edelweiss from the top of Mount Everest (or whatever it was) and lay it at her feet and say, "Fairest of your sex (and much fairer than any of ours), I only live to serve you. Ask me something more difficult."

But now when, still good and kind and beautiful, she says to me, "Oh, there you are! Are you busy? I just —" why, now I turn very red and cough, and, murmuring that I have a train to catch, dash for the door.

I wish the dear old days were back again.

The first time that I got badly mixed up with the new movement was about a month ago. I had just finished an exhausting game of croquet, when a good and kind and beautiful lady came up to me and said:

"Oh, Mr. — er, will you just come and do something for me?"

"Why, of course I will," I replied.

"I want you to sign my petition if you will."

"Oh!" I said stiffly.

In a general way I didn't want to. Some people have the knack of signing, others haven't. About once a week I sign a cheque for a pound, payable to self or bearer, and that is really about all the signing I do.

"What 's it for?" I said, to gain time. "It's to the KING, praying him to bring about —" I forget now what it was, but I know I didn't agree with it.

May I be forgiven if what I did was wrong. I could not refuse her invitation without entering upon a long and (on my side, anyhow) heated discussion as to the rights of the question, and I hate discussing important things with strangers. I could not escape, for she was nearer the door. But she was ignorant of my name, and I began to feel that after ten minutes, when I should have a train to catch, I might never see her again. So I wrote, "Albert Tompkins," which isn't me, in a bold round hand. I cannot believe that the support of Mr. Tompkins will turn the scale one way or the other, and I am sure that he would have liked to oblige so charming a lady.

Five minutes later, while I was still sitting at the table, fanning myself with a piece of blotting-paper and wondering if I was a forger, my late croquet opponent came in.

"Oh, there you are," she said. "You're

just the man I wanted. Will you sign my petition?"

"Help!" I groaned.

"What did you say?"

"The fact is I'm not very good at signing petitions. I signed one just now, and it seems to have affected my wrist. I think it sprained it slightly."

"For whom was that?"

"For the KING. Nothing less."

"I meant who asked you. Was it Mrs. Williams?"

I decided, for the sake of Albert Tompkins, not to pursue the subject.

"It was really when I was playing croquet with you that I hurt my wrist," I said. "I—I fell on it going through that second hoop."

"Then sign it with your left hand; it doesn't matter about the writing."

"Wouldn't that spoil the page rather? And when the KING got down to me wouldn't he think that a very decrepit old centenarian who could barely sign his name had no business to be urging Compulsory Military Service on others? I mean it would seem rather an altruistic performance."

"This isn't a petition for military service, it's for —" I forget now, but I know I didn't agree with it. "Do sign; I've got two hundred and thirty-seven names already."

I made one more attempt.

"My solicitor," I said, "always insists

on my reading every word of a document before I sign it. If I were to read the preamble and all the two hundred signatures now, I should never catch my train. Some of the signatures, in fact, I doubt if I could ever read at all."

The entry of my hostess saved the situation. I got up hastily, and rushed at her.

"Good-bye," I said, "I was just saying that I must be off. Such a jolly time!"

"Oh, must you go? So sorry. But I just want you to sign my petition first, if you will. It's for —," I really forget what, but I was certainly against it.

I go about now with my pockets full of petitions. The preambles are drawn up by myself; they are signed as yet by nobody. But when a good and kind and beautiful lady comes up and asks for my signature then I take out my own documents and smile at her.

"I will sign your petition for Universal Military Service," I say, "if you will sign one or two little things for me."

"Yes?"

"The first is in the cause of Universal Civil Service. Your petition wants all civilians to learn soldiering; well, mine wants all soldiers to learn a profession or trade. That seems only fair."

"Oh!"

"And the other is a petition that all women should be compelled to serve three years in a hospital in the East end of London. You see, when we are invaded —"

But, as I say, my petitions aren't getting along very fast.

Ladies, is it kind? There was a time when your lightest wish was law to me. Now every day makes me seem a churl.

Is it necessary? These are matters very close to our hearts. Do you believe indeed that there are men firmly convinced that a certain measure is of vital importance to their country, who yet have to be begged by women to support it? And of what value to your petition is the signature of the indifferent man to whom it does not occur to sign until asked between the dances?

Have your petitions if you will, but let there be no asking. Instead, let hostesses put up a notice in the hall—

THE FOLLOWING PETITIONS CAN BE SIGNED HERE.

Military Service . . . Mrs. Smith.
Woman's Suffrage . . . Miss Letitia Brown.
Anti-Suffrage . . . Miss Betty Jones.
Anti-Vivisection . . . Mrs. Robinson.

Believe me, you would not by this lose any name of value.

And, if it so happened that a man full of enthusiasm for these and other causes did not visit houses where petitions lay, how easily he could advertise—

"WANTED, by an excellent Penman of impressive nomenclature, the following petitions to sign . . ."

which you would haste to send to him.

A. A. M.

POTTED PAPERS.

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

(New Style.)

IN THE HOUSE.

. . . With his keen sense of humour, Sir Albert Blond could not resist exploiting the comic aspect of the Bungalow tax. The House was sparsely filled when he rose, but in two minutes not a seat was untenanted. Beginning *piano* in a delicate vein of railery, Sir Albert developed his theme with such a prodigious wealth of ludicrous illustration that the House was soon convulsed with merriment. Nor was the laughter confined to the Ministerial benches; Mr. BALFOUR rolled about in his seat, and Colonel LOCKWOOD actually fell on to the floor in a spasm of hysterical mirth and had to be carried out by Mr. LYTTELTON and Mr. LONG. But the amusement of the Tories was but short-lived. Suddenly changing his note, Sir Albert Blond lashed the Opposition for their unprincipled action in invoking the support of COBDEN for what was essentially a Protective policy. The Liberals cheered frantically and the Tories listened in sullen silence as he relentlessly drove home his point. For luminous logic, scornful irony, exquisite elocution and sledgehammer force no speech heard in the last fifty years has excelled this wonderful effort. As an old Parliamentary hand observed, it combined the noble simplicity of BRIGHT with the trenchancy of CHAMBERLAIN and the wit of BERNAL OSBORNE.

IN THE SOCIAL WORLD.

Lady Blond gave a brilliantly successful musical *matinée* at her beautiful house in Belgrave Square on Friday afternoon, the percentage of refusals out of five hundred invitations being only fractional. The beautiful apartments were profusely decorated with flowers from the famous gardens of Goleonda Grange, Sir Albert Blond's historic place in Hampshire, and the artistes were Madame Héloïse Petrarchini, the famous aerial soprano; Mr. Hanusch Jokai, the Hungarian *buffo*,

and M. Menthol de Couac, who plays the clarinet more like a bird than a human being.

Lady Blond wore a superb dress of mauve savarin ornamented with sapphire kibobs, a corsage bouquet of priceless paprika, and a plastron of black seed pearls tastefully arranged so as to imitate a small sea of caviare.

Among the guests were Lord and Lady Rumpelmayer, Viscount Lisper, the Bolivian Minister, Sir Benjamin and Lady Truffel, the Duc and Duchesse d'Ortolan, Madame Gloria Kümmel, the Dowager Marchioness of Boodle and the Hon. Ruby Bonanza.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

As usual *The Morning Post* is dissatisfied with our comments on the Conference. We are sorry, in view of the weight and prestige of our contemporary and the unique position occupied by Mr. RICHARD JEBB as an adviser of the Unionist leaders, to have incurred its resentment; but after all, facts are facts, and nothing can be gained by refusing to face them. It was once a commonplace of Unionist speakers to point to the disintegrating tendencies at work in the Liberal Party. When we contemplate the dissensions which have now honeycombed the Opposition, we feel that Sir Albert Blond was fully justified last night in wittily reminding them of the old adage about people who live in glass houses.

Nocturne.

Opal and amber veils
Drifting athwart the moon,
Gossamer jewels on argent sails,
Light the lagoon.
Hark! the Kingfisher flies,
Clad in his harlequin suit,
Cleaving the dim ambrosial skies—
An arrowy lute.
Mars by Venus pursued
Gleams with a hectic flush,
And over the universe seems to brood
A Cosmic hush!

The old convention which associated dowdiness with philanthropy is happily extinct. Nothing is more charming in the present day than the way in which our *grandes dames* contrive to enlist high Art as the handmaid of charity. Thus we note that at the *matinée* organised by Princess Bobolinsky and Lady Blond, for the Bathchairmen's Orphan Asylum, to take place on July 25th, there will be a repetition of the Corot cotillon, which was so successful at Lady Blond's last season. A few £5 5s. tickets are still available.



A SUBURB OF ETON.

SCENE—Lord's.

First Eton Boy (to Second ditto). "I SAY, GEORGE, RARE LOT O' LOCAL BLIGHTERS ABOUT, WHAT?"

THE ANALYST.

THE following passage recently appeared in a review by HESTER BRAYNE in *The Literary Post*:—

"Take the readers of a novelist, say Mr. Arnold Bennett. From my observation, which is fairly wide, they are extremely nervous, with a tendency to hysteria, essentially bourgeois in taste, although consciously unconventional in artistic, social, and religious matters; their philosophic rationalism is but skin deep, reminding one of the blotches of free thought that disfigure the novels of Mr. Eden Phillpotts while endearing him to the members of the Rationalist Press Association; they possess the artistic temperament, and are proud of that dubious blessing."

My ingenious friend Beecheroff, who is always on the look-out for a new diversion, was greatly taken with the new HESTER BRAYNE division of readers, and studied it until he had made a science of it. I met him last Sunday morning in Piccadilly.

"Come into the Park," he said, "and take a pew, and I'll tell you what the people read."

"How?" I asked; and he explained the art. "It's quite easy," he said, "after a little care;" and off we went.

He got to work at once. "Do you

see that thoughtful-looking woman," he said, "over there? The one with the sage-green dress with scarlet poppies on her breast, and a retriever. She reads GALSWORDTHY. They are all like that, more or less. Serious, but very human. Lovers of dogs. Friends of Liberty. You can tell them a mile off."

I was surprised at his perspicacity. "Go on," I said.

"And this prematurely weary person with the buttonhole of nightshade—of course you spot him," said Beecheroff.

"No," I said. "I am no psychologist."

"Why, HARDY's his hero, of course."

He reads HARDY's poems. It's written all over him. But these are easy cases. Now there's a more complex one coming this way. That girl there, in the blue dress. You see how impulsive she is by her quick movements. Her blood is good—notice her red lips. Her joy of life is strong—notice her springy step. Her defiance of trifling convention is shown by her want of a left glove, which also tells us, by revealing her fingers, that she is engaged. Everything points to one conclusion—she reads HEWLETT."

I had said nothing while Beecheroff

was talking because I wanted to hear the end. I was naturally interested in what he was saying because the girl happened to be my cousin and I knew who her favourite authors were—MARION CRAWFORD and the WILLIAMSONS. But all I said was, "How extraordinarily clever you are!"

After, however, he had left me I decided to test his divining powers a little farther, so, taking my courage in my hands, I went up to the weary man with the nightshade in his buttonhole. "Excuse me," I said very nervously, "for doing what is apparently a very rude thing, but would you mind telling me if you are an admirer of Mr. THOMAS HARDY's poetry?"

"Poetry!" he said. "Not much! I don't read poetry. JACOBS is my man."

"The Vicar of St. Anne's and his wife were, at a garden party, presented with a piano by the members of the congregation of the Parish Church, in celebration of their silver rose bowl from the Sunday school teachers."—*Manchester Courier*.

The next thing to celebrate is the piano. In fact, once get started, and you can go on like this for ever.

MAKING UP A MIND.

WE were sitting in the smoking-room, and our friend, the Member of Parliament for the Division, was holding forth. Somebody had asked him whether he didn't find it difficult to make up his mind how to vote on all the important questions that came up in the House from time to time. He laughed heartily. "Oh dear, no," he said, "not a bit—at least, not when it's a Party question, as it is nine times out of ten. You see, the division bell rings all over the House, and you troop up from the Terrace or the Smoking-room or the Library, and when you get to the door of the House you find the Whips there, and they say "Aye" or "No" as the case may be; and you just drop into the lobby they indicate. Then you pass along and you're ticked off and counted, and that's all. It's the simplest thing in the world. No, you needn't know what you're voting about. Sometimes I try to find out, but as a rule nobody can tell me. You've just got to trust the Whips.

"Of course it's not so easy when it's a non-party question, because they don't put on the regular Whips either of the Government or of the Opposition, and so a chap may often get into the wrong lobby. Then perhaps he'll have to defend his vote afterwards in his constituency, and he must mug up the arguments and find out why he voted as he did. And even if he does happen to be present during the debate he'll probably get so knocked about one way and the other by the speeches that he won't know whether he's standing on his head or his heels. That's the worst of listening to speeches.

"For instance, last week we had the Second Reading of the Widowed Charwomen's Protection Bill. There's been a frightful row about it, you know. The married Charwomen have formed a sort of Union and they won't let the widows join. The widows won't stand this, because they say it robs them of their living, so they've had this Bill brought in to assert their rights and give 'em a free run. How do I know all that? Well, if you'd had all the letters I've had about it and heard all the speeches you'd know something about it too. They've been frightfully keen about it in this constituency and I've been regularly bombarded with letters and telegrams on both sides. 'The Wives' Charing League' made all their members write to me to say that no Charwoman's husband should ever work or vote for me again if I voted for the Bill, and 'The Widows' Amalgamated Charing Association' threatened that if I didn't vote for it their male relations meant to have my blood. It was a deuced awkward situation, and I had serious thoughts of breaking a leg and keeping out of it altogether.

"However, I went to the debate with a perfectly open mind. Members on both sides were at me as soon as I got into the House, but I shook 'em all off—told 'em I meant to listen to the arguments and vote according to my conscience. That frightened 'em; they don't like you much when you talk about your conscience in the House. Well, the proposer's speech did the trick for me. I hadn't a doubt left at the end of it. No, you're wrong there. He didn't persuade me to vote for his Bill—quite the reverse. I never heard such silly reasons as he gave for it, and I settled to vote against it. I wish I'd gone away after that, but I stayed to hear the fellow who opposed it, and he sent me bang the other way. By the time he'd finished I was perfectly certain that if I didn't vote for the blessed Bill I should never be able to hold up my head again.

"Then there came another chap who spoke against it, and he really made me think that the Bill was a perfectly monstrous and revolutionary proposal; and he was followed by a supporter who proved conclusively that justice and policy alike demanded the passage of the Bill. So it went on the whole evening. Every time I made up my mind somebody came along and unmade it for me and fixed me the other way. What did I do in the end? I'll tell you. I took the frank and manly course of abstaining altogether from voting. And now the League and the Association have both called upon me to explain my absence from the division. That's what comes of bringing up these non-party questions."

MAGNI NOMINIS UMBRA.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In the recent case of *Smith v. A Newspaper* (recalling an earlier case of *Jones v. A Newspaper*), in which damages for libel were obtained, Counsel for the defence—MR. F. E. SMITH, K.C.—cited *Punch* to show that the generic names of Smith and Jones were habitually taken in vain to illustrate types of various kinds; and when his Lordship asked Counsel if he himself proposed to bring an action he replied that he certainly would do so if the present action succeeded.

Without implying any reflection on the justice of the verdicts in the above cases I foresee that, following the lead of so eminent a Counsel as MR. F. E. SMITH, many owners of these historic names will spend their spare time bringing libel actions of a speculative nature; and I protest against the birth-accident which gave me a comparatively unusual name, and thus prevents me from taking up so engaging a career. I have indeed broken out into verse on this tragic theme:—

A Jones can get damages, so can a Smith,
If the deeds of a Jones or a Smith be referred to;
Then Robinson he must be next reckoned with,
And Brown, if he's mentioned, will put in his word, too.
But I have no chance, Sir, though ransacking duly
All sheets for some hint that I'm bad and uncomely;
For me there's no verdict, for I am, Yours truly,
Adolphus FitzMarjoribanks - Wemyss - Beauchamp -
ffoulkes-Cholmondeley.

From a feuilleton:—

"Her voice was low and soft; but once again, as Janet Fenn withdrew from the room, and closed the door after her, the fiendish gleam came into her odourless eyes."

If we hear any more of Janet, we will let you know.

Clerical Candour.

"Mr. C. commenced his duties on June 19th. He hopes regularly on Sunday evenings (until further notice) to play some selections of music after the Evening Service, and it is hoped that those of the congregation who appreciate music will endeavour to stay in their seats."—*Parish Magazine*.

The protest can be made afterwards in the vestry.

A Sporting Offer.

"CORNET Player Open for Engagements for dance music, 2s. 6d. per hour or terms; or will Sell Good Cornet cheap."—*Add. in "Church (N.Z.) Evening News."*

Now the public can choose.

Suggested English title for STRAUSS's *Feuersnot*: Hang-ing fire.



FORGOTTEN SPORTS.

MOCKING THE TURTLE.

THE SCHOOL FOR WAITERS.

"Yes," he said, "we teach them everything here. We guarantee to turn them out qualified to do credit to the waiter's calling. For example, to show you how thorough we are, here is our exercise ground. That's where we teach them to walk. See, they're at it now. Not too fast, you notice, and not too springy. In fact springiness is one of our *bêtes noires*, if I may so express myself. We have an instrument for rendering the feet flat in those cases where Nature hasn't done it. But she usually does. A wonderful woman Nature, Sir?"

"This room here is where the waiters' vocabulary is taught. It's a brief one, but of the highest importance. The chief work is to make them unlearn what they know. Many of our candidates come here with quite a flow of language. Epithets for everything. But we don't allow that, of course. There's only one adjective for food, and that's 'nice,' and no man gets our certificate until he has ceased to use all the others. You may have noticed that no good waiter ever uses any other word—'Have a nice grilled sole?' he says; 'a nice cutlet'; 'a nice chop'; 'a nice steak?' That's so, isn't it? All our doing.

"There are other phrases too; but

very few of them. We don't want to burden the men's minds. 'Coming, Sir, coming'—they have to practise that for hours. And then the stock reply to impatient customers, 'In two minutes'—they practise that too. Some of them are very quick and get the whole vocabulary in a month or so quite perfectly. Others take longer.

"In this room," added my cicerone, "we teach them also to say quietly but effectively, after City dinners and other big gatherings, 'I'm just going now, Sir.' 'I hope everything has been satisfactory, Sir,' and such stimulating phrases.

"Here's the cellar. This is where we train the men in shaking bottles. You see that young fellow there—he has naturally quite a steady hand, but give him a bottle of old claret or hock and it'll be like a thick soup when he comes to pour it out. He's our best pupil, but the others are all good too before we've done with them. There's also a special class for pouring out wine so as to spill a little. We are very particular about that; and coffee too. We spend the utmost pains in teaching artistic coffee-spilling. Some gentlemen wouldn't know where they were if the waiters poured coffee neatly, so we have to be particular.

"This is the auditorium, as we call it, where we coach the men in not hearing

customers the first time. And I think that's all."

I thanked him for his courtesy, and before leaving asked for the name of the restaurant to which his men usually went, to keep it as a reference.

"None in particular," he said. "they go to all."

Beetroot.

"Then Blythe finished off the innings by doing the hat trick, dismissing Mr. Lawton and Howcroft with the last two balls of one over and Root with the first of the next."—*Daily Mail*.

In the actual score the name of the third victim is given as Beet. There is not much in it, perhaps, but we should welcome an official announcement on the subject.

A Norfolk contemporary, in reporting a plague of flies, says:—

"Inspector Slipperfield, of Blofield, and Sergeant Webb, of Thorpe, are watching the movements of the swarms."

It seems a fairly soft job being a policeman.

Extract from a poem in *The Academy*:

"I am the Lord of Love," he cried,
"And am the Prince of Tears."

Reciters of this are requested to be careful with the second line.



The Master. "How's this, Thomas? I hear my dog's been fighting again."
Thomas (the gardener). "Yes, Sir, and don't he improve!"

A CHILD OF THE SUN.

[It seems certain that we are at the beginning of a wasp year of unusual virulence.]

Daily Paper.

WINGED pirate with the poisoned dagger!

Devourer of the jampot's hoard,
And quite incorrigible ragger

Of every British breakfast board,
Till blind with surfeit to your doom
you stagger,

Drunk as a lord;

Till, trapped amid the heady spices,
Snared by the treason of your taste,
Foreseeing not the hand that slices

(Be cautious, woman, not with haste!)

Mary, who's always bold at such a crisis,

Severs your waist;

Wasp (to be brief), my dear good fellow—

A pestilential bore to some
Who mark you round their plates grow mellow,

But I am glad to hear you hum—

Which is your favourite brand, old boy, the yellow
Or greengage plum?

'Ware of your appetite for toping
I do not shriek nor tremble if
I find you round my foodstuffs sloping,

But, like a man, at danger sniff,
Watching my hour, well-armed and
always hoping

To have you stiff.

Nay, what is more, I praise your pounces,

I contemplate with joy your nerve;
At every boom my bosom bounces,

It almost pains me when you swerve
Down to your last long sleep in 16 oz.

Of pure conserve.

For this I know, what time you smother
Remembrance in that final bout,

The sun's your sire, the earth's your mother,

You bring the days of halcyon drought;
Therefore I weep for you the while, my brother,

I wipe you out.

EVOR.

Advt. in *Sussex Daily News* :—

Situation :—	Rent per week.	Bathroom.	Bedroom.	Reception-rooms.	Stabling for
Burgess Hill	30 gns.	14	2	4	6

The sad case of the guest who used one of Friday's bathrooms on Monday and was never asked to the spare room again is still remembered at Burgess Hill.

"Five wickets fell for 90, and then an unexpected stand was made. The two amateurs before being separated advanced the score to 94."—*Belfast Newsletter*.

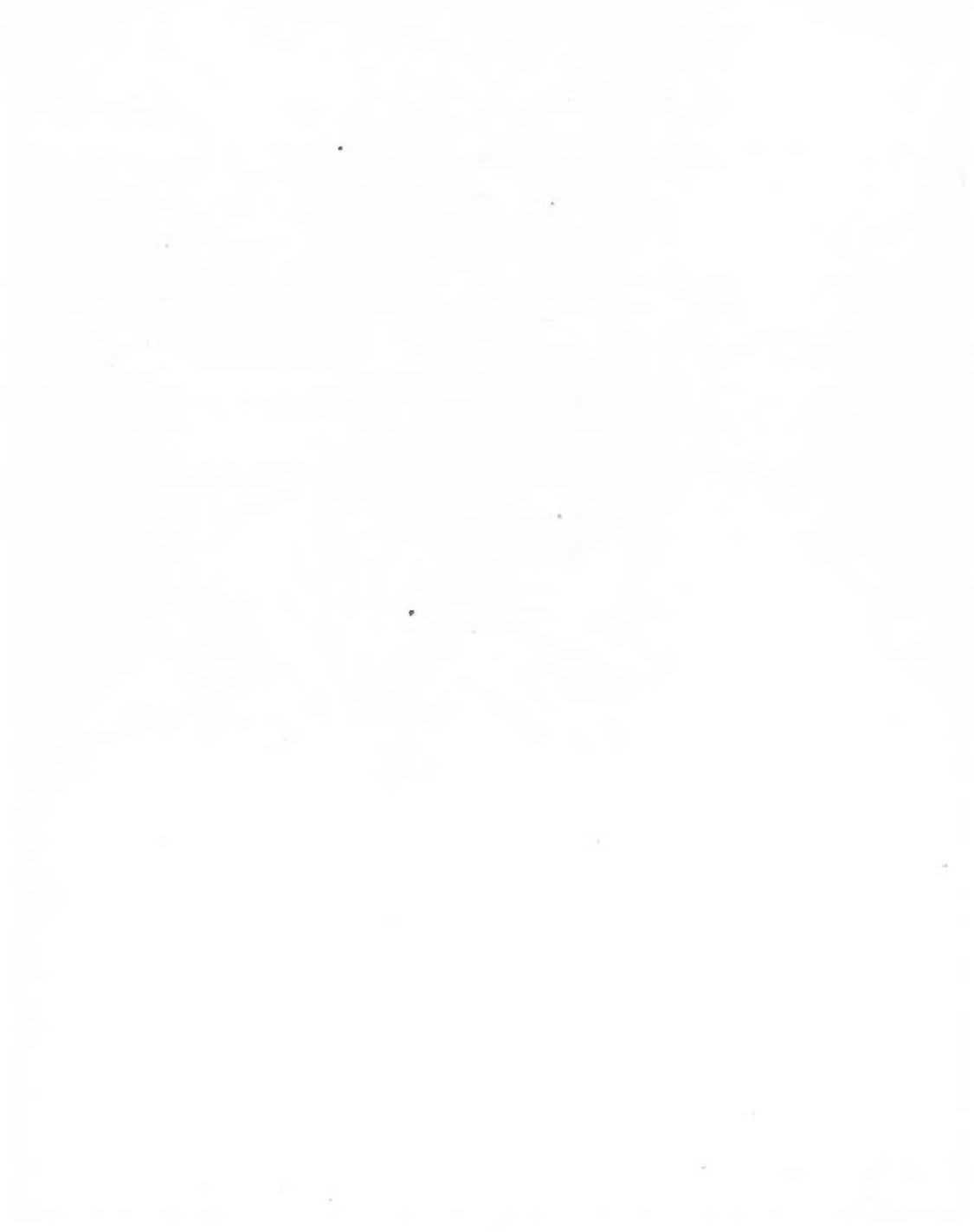
They don't expect much in Ireland.

"Kent, with a lead of 144 over Somerset on the first innings, have made 51 for three in the second, and are now 206 ahead. . . . As Kent scored 51 for three wickets before the close they should win the match with ease, for with seven wickets in hand they are 195 on."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Kent was really 190 ahead, but we have not time to explain it now.



THE UNCONQUERED AIR.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 11.
—General cheer welcomed PRINCE ARTHUR back to business after brief illness. Also the SPEAKER again takes the Chair after a wilful bicycle closure his morning ride. SARK has interesting story about the accident. It seems that when the SPEAKER perceived imminent danger of a fall he in peremptory voice cried, "Order! order!" Usual effect absolutely lacking. Over he went, just as if he were an ordinary Irish Member.

Approach to debate on Woman's Suffrage Bill heralded by pleasing, as it turned out, illusive incident. Two messengers dressed like waiters entered bearing in either hand what looked like tea-trays. Ah! Here was evidence of the thoughtfulness of woman, her instinct of hospitality, her consideration for unworthy man. Forthcoming debate likely to be prolonged, not to say tedious. A cup of tea, a slice of brown bread and butter, peradventure a buttered bun, would be exceptionally welcome.

On closer inspection, what looked like well-furnished tea-trays turned out to be bundles of petitions.

SHACKLETON arose on front bench below Gangway to move Second Reading of Parliamentary Franchise (Women) Bill, colloquially known as "the Conciliation Bill," because some of its provisions offend habitual supporters of the Cause, like LLOYD GEORGE. Not proceeded far with his speech when, as WILLIAM BLACK used to say in now forgotten novels, lo! a strange thing happened.

ANNAN BRYCE had given notice to second motion for rejection of Bill, an intention in due course fulfilled. Entering the House while SHACKLETON was still wrestling with his exordium, he was observed, first with amazement, then with sickening sense of horror, to be making his way down the floor, passing between the Member on his legs and the SPEAKER in the Chair. With respect to other breaches of order certain measure of laxity is permitted. This is the unfardonable sin. When BRYCE's purpose was discovered there went up from both sides of crowded House a shout of expostulation and execration, comparable only with the roar heard in the lion's den when the mid-day meal is unduly delayed. BRYCE pulled up just in time. With ashen countenance and shaking knees turned about and slunk back.

Apart from just resentment of breach



"THE UNFARDONABLE SIN."

Execration of Annan Bryce for laying Shackleton a stymie.

in order, the incident left behind unpleasant sense of suspicion. BRYCE's opposition to the measure, his difference with the mover, were testified to by notice on the paper. Of course, if by any chance SHACKLETON could be put out of the way there would be swift end of the controversy. It was remembered that BRYCE had just returned from the great continent beyond the Atlantic where bowie knives are cheap and action free. "Mak siccar" is a motto to this day proudly borne on the crest of the descendants of an amiable Scottish nobleman (flourishing in the days when the Scots had their own king) who, as history recounts, took exceptional care that a certain foeman of his sovereign should not again be troublesome. ANNAN BRYCE, himself a Scotsman, knows the story.

It is in this connection, of course,

an idle reminiscence. Nevertheless Members whisper to each other that BRYCE has been too long a member of the House inadvertently to outrage its most cherished point of order.

Business done.—Second Reading of Woman's Suffrage Bill moved.

Tuesday.—The meanness of man, his constitutional shiftiness, brought into strong light this evening. Well known that if the fate of SHACKLETON's Bill were decided by the ballot it would be bundled off the premises by overwhelming majority. Within the last two years Members have had advantage of close study of what is likely to happen when lovely woman stoops to the folly of playing at politics. The HOME SECRETARY has had his face slashed with a whip; the PRIME MINISTER's windows have been smashed in town and country; public meetings have been broken up, and Parliamentary

proceedings interfered with by women who either dash in from the doorway or chain themselves to the grille of the gallery.

These demonstrations of capacity for control of public affairs, while strengthening opposition by old stagers, have driven waverers into the hostile camp. Nevertheless, for reasons partly domestic, partly traceable to consideration for constituents, 299 Members voted for second reading, carrying the stage by a majority of 109.

That, as little PETERKIN's interloper more than once remarked, was a famous victory. Exceeded the rush by which Veto Resolutions were carried. Next thing to do, in ordinary circumstances the automatic procedure under new rules, was to send Bill to Grand Committee, there to be discussed, possibly strengthened by amendment, and come back, say a fortnight hence, to be carried through remaining stages by the impetus of this great force.

It was here that the frailties of manhood, delicately alluded to, manifested themselves. The alternative to sending Bill to Grand Committee is to refer it to Committee of the whole House. By such arrangement it must needs take its turn with other more pressing and important measures. All know that, in view of adjournment within next three weeks, every hour of ordinary sittings of House is mortgaged. To refer the Bill to Committee of whole House was equivalent to chucking it out as far as present session is concerned.

And that was what was done by majority of 145. MACCHIAVELLI wasn't in it with sober-minded, tall-hatted, church—or chapel—going M.P.'s, who voted, in some cases spoke, in favour of the Bill and immediately after threw in their lot, tongue in cheek, with conspirators who solemnly remitted it to an inaccessible Committee. All very well to asseverate their love; but why did they kick it downstairs?

Business done.—Woman Suffrage Bill smothered in its cradle. Thus doth man's inhumanity to woman make countless thousands mourn.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Taking part in debate on state of things in Ireland just now, DONOUGHMORE incidentally cast flood of light on manners and customs in Tipperary. Reference made by preceding speakers to condition of affairs when JOHN MORLEY was at



AN ACCOMMODATING PHYSIQUE.

"I am willing to submit to any pressure which the majority of this House may put upon me."—Mr. Harcourt, in reply to a question as to the re-building of the front of Buckingham Palace.

Irish Office, and CREWE (then Lord HOUGHTON) at the Viceregal Lodge. DONOUGHMORE modestly excused himself from following up the line of argument.



Keir Hardie. "Well, I seem to hit off the popular taste about as well here as I did in England! Wretched Jingo lot! always ready to fight for their country! 'Bushido!' Bah! Makes me sick!"

(According to *The Christian World*, Mr. Keir Hardie "sometimes dreams, if ever he retires from politics, of a retreat to Japan, and a settling down in an inland village.")

"I was," he said, "at that time in petticoats."

Doing a little sum in arithmetic, knowing that DONOUGHMORE, with other choice flowers, was born in the early spring of 1875, while MORLEY and CREWE were in office in 1895, noble lords worked out result that at comparatively mature age of twenty he still wore petticoats. Before the pleased eye rose a vision of the noble Lord; his sylph-like figure partially draped in petticoats, tripping over the meads and morasses that girdle the ancestral home in Clonmel. Brooding over recollections of early childhood, WORDSWORTH, has written how

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come.

Up to his twentieth year Lord DONOUGHMORE trailed his petticoat.

Business done.—The Commons cackle over the Shipbuilding Vote for the Navy. Carried by overwhelming majority.

SUPPRESSIO VERI.

THE Theatre and Music-Hall Licensing Committee of the L. C. C. sat last Thursday and Friday to consider applications for leave to produce a number of cinematograph performances representing scenes in the life of eminent public men. The proceedings were strictly private, but the following condensed summary of what took place has reached us from a trustworthy source.

The first application related to a realistic series of scenes portraying the interviews between Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., and various members of the Cabinet when the idea of a Conference was first mooted. In these the Great Negotiator was shown in a number of elegant attitudes—patting the PREMIER on the back, with his arm round Mr. LULU HARCOURT's neck, singing "*The Harp that once in Tara's Halls*" to the accompaniment of a Welsh harp played by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, and so on. The series opened with the entrance of Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR by the PREMIER's front hall door, and closed with his exit from the pantry window of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's residence.

Mr. T. HEALY, M.P., who opposed the application on behalf of the All-for-Ireland League, argued that it was entirely derogatory to the dignity of a great Irish patriot like Mr. O'CONNOR to have him

exhibited to the cynical curiosity of a Cockney mob as a "minowdhering, minandhering and blandandhering palaverer." He felt sure, he added, that the public exhibition of these scenes would be extremely painful to Mr. PATRICK FORD and Mr. HARCOURT.

The objection was maintained and the application was withdrawn.

The proposed production of a Cinematograph and Gramophone Record of a Recital by M. PACHMANN was next discussed.

In support of the application it was argued that the performance would tend to foster friendship with the Russian nation, of which M. PACHMANN was a distinguished representative.

Lord ROBERT CECIL, K.C., who appeared for M. PADEREWSKI and Mr. MARK HAMBURG, vigorously opposed the application. He submitted that the honourable status of the pianist was likely to be seriously prejudiced if the notion were allowed to prevail that speeches, pantomimic action and dancing formed an integral part of piano-forte recitals.

The Committee unanimously rejected the application.

"The Premier at Play" was the title of the entertainment which next came before the Committee. This proved to be a bioscopophonic representation of a foursome at golf, with Mr. ASQUITH as one of the players. The application was enthusiastically supported by the Women's Social and Political Union on the ground that one of the caddies was a prominent Suffragette in disguise.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL, who appeared for the Anti-Objurgation Society, opposed the application, maintaining that it was contrary to the public interest to give a public representation of what was said as well as done in a bunker from which the PREMIER took seventeen strokes to extricate himself.

Ultimately a compromise was effected, by which the bunker scene was cut out and the PREMIER was never represented in the act of hitting the ball.

HOW TO AVOID CRISES.

MODERN METHODS.

THAT men should talk for days and days
Of Compromise, is bad enough;
But when the ladies get the craze
Then I have more than had enough.

I took my loveliest of loves
Along of me to Hurlingham
(For if one has some newish gloves
Well, why not be unfurling 'em?).

Since every modern lady, who
Has ceased to be a flapper, owns
That taxicabs were made for two,
And home's the place for chaperons,



BEYOND HELP.

SCENE—A First Aid Class examination, where Boy Scouts, labelled as having received various injuries, are being used as subjects.

Pupil (to small Scout, whose label is invisible). "AND WHAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE WRONG WITH YOU?" Scout (cheerfully). "PLEASE, MISS, I'M DEAD!"

We went *à deux*. I thought it wise
To stroke her hand and indicate
The benefits which would arise
From fixing up a syndicate.

I talked from three to seven o'clock,
And then, because she fed at eight,
I took her home to change her frock,
And left her there to meditate,

Myself returning homeward by
A red (an almost ruby) bus,
And leaving till to-morrow my
Prospective fate in nubibus.

Her letter came at break of day,
And this is what she wrote to me:—

She could not bring herself to say
A "Yes" nor yet a "No" to me.

"I take the mean. To be exact,
Although one has a brother, one
Could manage with a little tact
To undertake another one."

I wired (the answer was prepaid):—
"You make a compromise of it?"
Her ultimatum:—"I'm afraid
That's just about the size of it."

A Menace.

"CORNS.—Hobble while you can; after
using one bottle of — you can't."
Adapt. in "Yorkshire Telegraph."

OUR FISCAL COMMISSION IN LONDON.

Mr. Punch, in his anxiety to create a better feeling between England and Germany, resolved to compensate the Fatherland for the intrusion of English Fiscal Commissioners, and instructed typical German Free Traders and Protectionists to investigate London life. In order that the inquirers should be absolutely unprejudiced, *Mr. Punch* chose persons who did not know a word of English. The following is a translation of their reports:—

I.—LONDON BY A GERMAN FREE-TRADER.

On inquiring which was the most typical London street, I was by numerous persons referred to Park Lane. So I travelled thither by a motor-bus—riding in the utmost luxury for ten pfennige. I was pleased to observe how easily the workmen of Park Lane could travel to and from their labours in these comfortable vehicles. Park Lane, where I expected to find specimens of hungry toilers, is a great street of fine houses looking on a noble park, and compares most favourably with our blocks of workmen's dwellings in Berlin.

Being anxious to secure accurate information, I made inquiries from the constable on duty in the neighbourhood. Facts ascertained from a Government official of conspicuous exactness may certainly be relied upon.

Average hours of labour of Park Lane residents.—Quarter of an hour per day.

Average income of labourers.—£100,000 (2,000,000 marks) per annum, or £2,000 (40,000 marks) per week.

Food of labourers.—The constable assured me from his personal knowledge of Park Laners' cooking that the consumption of dog, horse, and goat flesh is absolutely unknown.

Clothing of residents.—I was particularly impressed by the number of white shirts worn. What is a luxury in Berlin is a commonplace in London.

Employment.—Not a single resident of this vast area has been registered as unemployed at the local bureau.

General observations.—I was much struck by the number of German residents. All had fled from the blight of Protection at home to take refuge in this blessed land of Free Trade. In the second place I was impressed by the overflowing wealth of the district. What a city to plunder!

II.—LONDON BY A GERMAN PROTECTIONIST.

Perhaps the best known thoroughfare in London, corresponding to our Unter den Linden, is Petticoat Lane. Therefore I resolved to take it as a typical case. I was prepared for misery, but the reality caused tears to trickle down my cheeks. Let those who disbelieve in the advantages of a Protective Tariff look at these figures.

Percentage of out-of-works.—98 per cent. Every man who accosted me assured me that he was out of work.

Average hours worked when employed.—18 per diem.

Average wage paid.—1s. 6d. per diem (one mark fifty pfennige).

Food of populace.—All of whom I made inquiry declared that they had not eaten for weeks, and besought



ANOTHER DASH FOR THE POLE.

charity. Surely black bread is better than nothing.

Clothing of populace.—I can declare from ocular observation that no new clothing is sold in London. Everything is second-hand. As an instance of the poverty of the community, I saw a pair of trousers first offered by a tradesman at 14s. 6d. and finally disposed of for 10½d.

General Observations.—The rapacity of the starving populace is enormous. During the hours that I spent in Petticoat Lane it was seldom that a hand was out of my pockets. Happily I had adopted the protective measure of leaving my purse at the hotel.

I return to the Fatherland convinced that nothing but the instant imposition of food taxes can keep these starving people from extinction. Certainly an invasion is not worth while, until the country has risen to prosperity again under Protection.

ROOSEVELT AND THE RING.

By a strange coincidence (writes a correspondent), on the very day on which I read *Mr. ROOSEVELT's* statement in the periodical which he helps to edit, that he had himself appeared in public boxing contests, and had a number of prize-fighters among his most valued friends, I chanced to meet in a Fleet Street tea-shop one of his old associates. He was a short, sturdily built man, his iron-grey hair cropped short, his nose flat, and he had one scar over the right eye and another on the clean-shaven lip. His little eyes looked keenly at me as he drank out of his saucer. By his check suit, red satin necktie, and three diamond rings I knew him to be just the kind of man one would be proud to call a friend.

"Yus," he said, "I've 'ad 'em on with TEDDY, more than once or twice."

"He is known as a hard-hitter; did you find him so?" I asked; and I told the waitress to bring the bruiser another sponge-cake.

"See this—and this?" he said, significantly pointing to his right eyebrow and his lip. "Teddy-marks, they are. I've 'ad my bit of luck, with belts and champi'nships, and what not; but I never got the best of 'im;" and I thought his face took on a sad expression as he gazed far away towards the plated urns.

"Was he then so good a fighter?" I asked.

"Only mod'rit as a fighter. Always in too much of an 'urry. No, not what I call a first-class

fighter."

"Then how did he manage——"

"Well, you see, 'e's a great 'un at conversation, is TEDDY. That's what done me in every time—is conversation. 'E would talk; I never stood up to 'im once but what 'e'd either be lecturin' me on physical generation or racing suicide, or else tellin' me what 'igh old times he and 'is mates used to 'ave out West. Very interestin', very; but I'm only used to fightin' with the 'ands—I ain't up to the jaw work 'e used to put in. It was w'en 'e was tellin' me of 'ow 'is old friend Shootin' Ginger wrestled with a blind ox that 'e give me this one on the lip."

"That was unfortunate," I said, in weak sympathy. "And the other 'Teddy-mark'?" How did you get that?"

"He give me that," he said, "just as he was tellin' me that the great thing



New Vicar's Wife (who has just come from her first Mothers' Meeting). "AND, MY DEAR, YOU CAN'T THINK HOW NICE SOME OF THE WOMEN ARE. FAR TOO RESPECTABLE TO BE MOTHERS, I'M SURE!"

to remember in life was either to git on or to git out." Here he fell savagely upon the sponge-cake, and I learned no more of the home life of America's greatest citizen.

The Vernacular Press.

The example set by so staid a journal as *The Daily Express* in the following headline:—

"VOTES FOR WOMEN
(WE DON'T THINK)"

is likely to have a strong following among our more emancipated sub-editors. We offer a few suggestions:—

MARCH OF UNEMPLOYED
TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE
(LET'S ALL GO DOWN THE STRAND)

REDMOND'S LATEST MOVE
(SUCKS FOR OLD ASQUITH)

LITTLE NAVYITES
(GOVERNMENT UP A POLE)

SUICIDE OF CITY MAN
(BALMY ON THE CRUMPET)

ACCIDENT TO LADY MOTORIST
(WHAT O SHE BUMPS)

THE RECRUDESCENCE OF COURTLINESS.

ENCOURAGING symptoms of the return of chivalry were noted on Thursday, July 14—let the date be duly recorded—by *The Daily Mirror*, which was taking a look round the streets of London that afternoon. We read that in Bond Street a well-turned-out, up-to-date young Englishman was actually seen talking to a lady with his hat in his hand; that in the City a man who was obviously rushing for a train stopped to pick up an umbrella which a lady had dropped, handed it back to her gracefully, and not till he had raised his hat in a distinctly stately manner did he proceed on his way (probably missing his train); also that a man in a silk hat and morning coat carried a heavy basket (also dropped) for a poor woman across the street to the lift of a Tube station. These little anemometric straws are ascribed to the re-appearance of the "Modest Violet Maiden."

Other instances of a similar tendency have been duly reported to *Mr. Punch* within the last few days. At a public meeting recently held at Queen's Hall five Damsels-errant of the Purple Iris variety, on uprising simultaneously and

shouting "Liar!" at a distinguished Statesman, then in the course of his speech, were most courteously helped to sit down and generally soothed in their hysterical condition by as many Stewards of the meeting, who, we noticed, were wearing white shirt-cuffs and new shilling ties for the occasion.

On Monday afternoon a fourteen-stone policeman, who had been trying some jujitsu experiments with a lady in response to her appeal for male collaboration, and found himself executing a somersault in his eagerness to please, remarked to the fair Britomart, as he gathered up his helmet with an old-world air, that he would always be very glad (not 'arf, as he put it) to break his neck in order to oblige a lady.

We look daily for further displays of awakening gallantry due to the Shrinking Primrose Miss or the Bashful Ox-eye Girl.

A communication from Shepherd's Bush:

"The twenty-four hours' cycle race at the Stadium on Friday and Saturday next will start at 7.30 p.m. on Friday and finish at 7.30 p.m. on Saturday, not at 8 p.m., as previously announced."

It was a lucky thought of somebody's to work it out again.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is no new thing to see the Spirit of Romance dragged behind the chariot wheels of a Great Cause, but it still gives me rather a shock when a really clever novelist does it. There is quite enough of good plot and clear characterisation—to say nothing of that kind of humour which sometimes makes one laugh aloud, and (if one happens to be in an omnibus) provokes the amazed compassion of fellow-travellers—in *A Splendid Heritage* (STANLEY PAUL), by Mrs. STEPHEN BATSON, to carry through the story without any imported didactic interest; so when I came to pages of Socialistic propaganda, all of which I had read many times before, introduced under the thin screen of an argument between the hero and his friend (a clergyman and a Tory), I felt rather as the cricketing reporters seem to do when the stone-waller comes in.

Mr. Richard Ferrier was the adopted heir to a soap manufacturer's millions, and had large schemes of social reform, but, except for the dialogue referred to, he gets no further with these in the narrative, which is occupied with his courtship (as a poor man) of the widow, *Marie Sherwood*, a figure not quite so interesting, I think, as she was meant to be. But incidentally there is a delightful and very good-humoured satire on the society of a country village (you must on no account miss *Tom Waller* and *Mrs. Tarberton*) and its whole-hearted devotion to the chase of bird, beast and ball. The author makes an exception, however, in favour of the pastime of gardening, which is contrasted with other games, and notably golf, to the great disadvantage of the latter. Probably the true Socialist feels, as I have myself sometimes felt after an off-day on the links, that there is less waste of productive energy when you use the orthodox hoe.

In point of art, *Intellectual Mansions*, S. W. (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is just round the corner from *The Street of Adventure*. On the map it is a block of flats on the other side of the river, tenanted by a group of smart young writers and artists of both sexes and various kinds, whom Mr. PHILIP GIBBS, the expert architect of both street and mansions, christens the Would-be-Greats but the Just-fall-Shorts of the artist life. To the flats and flat-dwellers in Chapter I. enter two new-comers, an earnest country doctor and his pretty, purposeless sister. Intoxicated by the atmosphere of home-brewed coffee and shoppy slang, in which the Intellectuals really shine, they are whirled into a sort of square dance with a real live Court Theatre playwright and his misunderstood wife, and quickly set to partners, or rather to corners, earnest doctor to misunderstood wife, and neurotic dramatist to pretty sister. The dance waxes furious and fiercer, till at last the misunderstood wife joins the ranks of the militant Suffragists and the pretty

sister trips off to meet the dramatist at Charing Cross Station—which is to the beginning of the elopement of fiction what big-game shooting is to the end of all unhappy love-affairs. Luckily, however, for all parties, the dramatist changes his mind and his plot at the last moment, and fails to turn up at the booking-office. Otherwise he would have been taking two tickets for the Continent just at the moment when his Suffragist wife is done to death in a street riot, the first martyr to the Cause. I expect the book will be popular with those who like to know, you know, all about the people who write in and are written about in the newspapers. But personally I don't think it's in the same street with *The Street of Adventure*.

I never seem to get over an old-fashioned prejudice in favour of incident in a novel. Possibly the novelists of today who are big enough to hold me without incident are not enough to go round. At any rate I want rather more than

one brush with a frontier tribe to get me comfortably through a book like *Sahib-Log*, by Mr. JOHN TRAVERS (DUCKWORTH). Not that it hasn't a fair number of good points. The story traces the gradual strengthening of the link between a soldier and his wife as they come to a mutual understanding, she realising that the man, a fighter and ruler of men, hasn't got it in him to express in words his very real love for her, and he little by little learning the peculiarities of her sensitive and very feminine nature. These two people provide an interesting study, but Mr. TRAVERS hardly makes enough of it to fill out a book. There is besides a deal of readable information about India, and there is a variety of characters, though none is much dwelt upon, and I don't know that any are very new. Also there is a flavouring of the *Plain-Tales-from-the-Hills* kind—rather diluted. But, as I said, I want movement. There doesn't seem to me to be



Well-meaning Golfer. "ER, DO YOU THINK IT QUITE SAFE TO BRING THAT CHILD ACROSS THE LINKS?"

Matilda Jane. "OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. I SHOULDN'T THINK OF BRINGIN' 'IM IF HE WAREN'T AS DEAF AS A POST, POOR LITTLE CHAP!"

sufficient blood for a book in which every man who counts is a soldier.

The first part of Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN's *Queer Things about Egypt* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is devoted—too devoted, in my opinion—to "Anecdotes illustrating the Egyptian character." Many of these yarns are supplied by Mrs. CROMWELL RHODES, who is called *Agenoria* in the book, and as this fancy name appears no fewer than twenty-four times in one short chapter, I may perhaps be forgiven for getting a little tired of it. The kindest thing I can find to say of the stories is that there are plenty to choose from. Whatever defects Mr. SLADEN may have as a writer parsimony is not one of them. The second part—"On the Nile, From Alexandria to Assuan"—is more to my taste, though Mr. SLADEN does not make me palpitatingly eager to visit the places which he describes. There is, however, a delightful chapter called, "Abûkir and the Battle of the Nile." As a photographer Mr. SLADEN is again prolific, and the quality of his illustrations is excellent.